## THE SALT LAKE HERALD

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1905

een accorded.

It is a coincidence worth noting that oth plays are by J. M. Barrie, who ems to have caught the tricks of liss Adams' temperament more subtly an any other author whose works he has produced. From the gypsy sabble to the mystic "Peter Pan" eems a far cry, but it is not so far, fter all, for Miss Adams. The same narming simplicity, the same direct

hold an audience, the power to ke the imitation seem the genuine, re present in both delineations. But Miss Adams' art in "Peter Pan" much more remarkable than her art "The Little Minster." For, such a aracter as Babbie might have lived, d not since childhood has it been sible for us to believe that there re fairies. "Peter Tan," as you

is a fairy play, Peter is a refuses to grow up. In company others of his kind he makes his e in a magic forest. During the he takes his children away from andon home and in the forest they ve many interesting adventures A daring and entirely novel feature of the play occurs in the third act.

save him is for Peter to find grownups who believes in fairies. He turns to

he audience and asks all who believe

esponse has always been prompt and enerous, and Tinker's life is saved at

ery performance. And we are told

that the people who applaud do so with

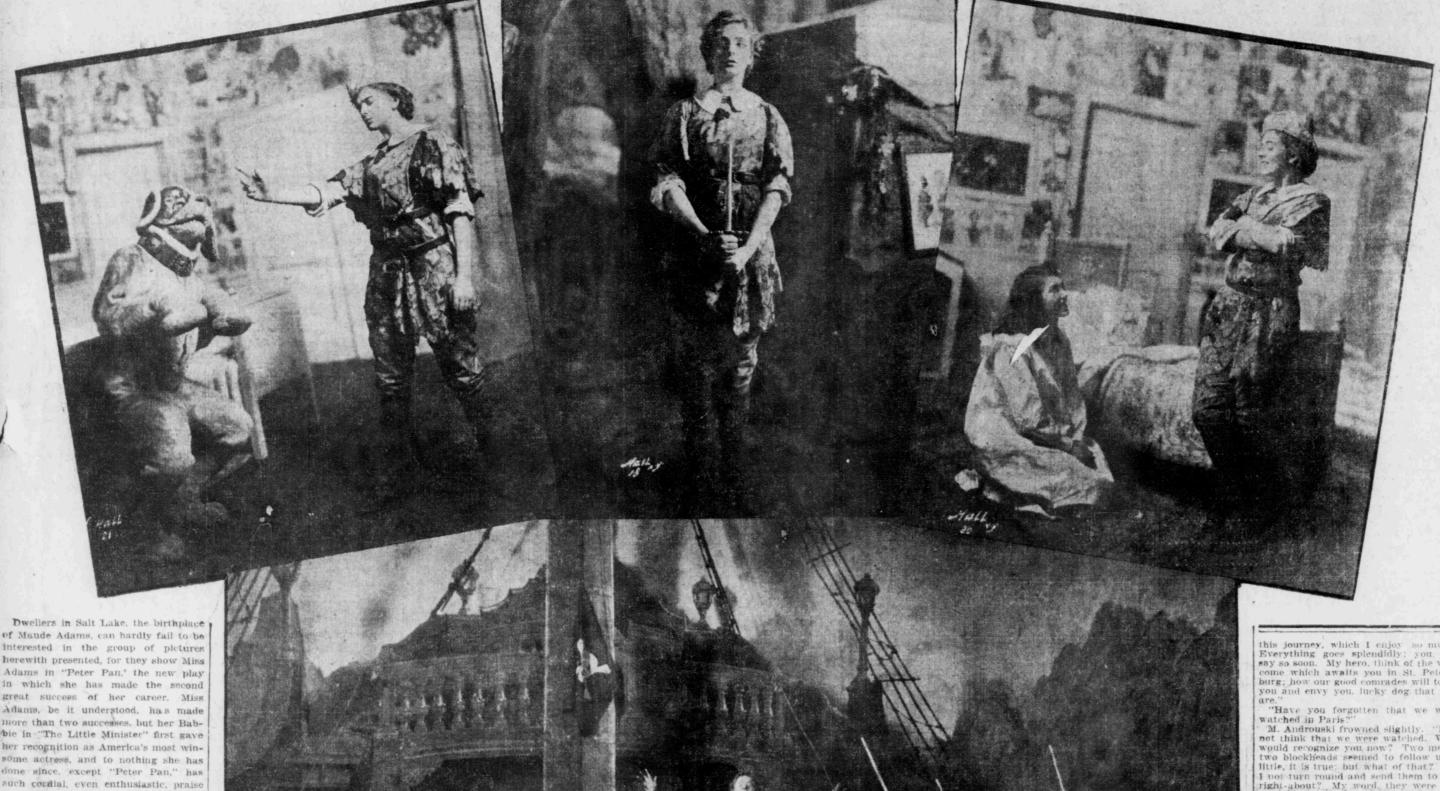
fairies to clap their hands.

Scenes from "Peter Pan," Maude Adams Fairy Play

Peter Pan (Miss Adams) Tells Wendy of the Joys of Never-Never Land.

Peter Guarding Wendy and the Children from Lurking, Unseen Foes.

Peter and Nana, the Wonderful Nurse Dog.



After the Rout of the Pirates. Peter Ordering Down the Black Flag.

himself back comfortably in his chair

His brother stepped forward. "He lies, monsieur, out of his love for me. I swear that I am Paul Petroff."
"Remember her." groaned Ivan. "M.

## OF SUCH ARE HEROES MADE.

ears in their eyes. They actually do believe for the time, in fairies. Which (Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.) is a great tribute to the art of Miss A wild night and a wild quarter of Adams and to the splendid company the town. The wind howled and with which Charles Frohman has surshricked through the unlovely streets Miss Adams and "Peter Pan" are of Soho; the half frozen rain beat pit-Miss Adams and "Peter Pan" are confortably settled at Mr. Frohman's Empire theatre in New York for the winter. Indeed, there are those who say that they will not be permitted to leave New York for perhaps two years, so great is the demand for seats, so continuous the interest. It will be a policeman eyed suspiciously two policeman eyed suspiciously two per-macaroni and a flask of wine. A policeman eyed suspiciously two Frenchmen who emerged unsteadily from the little restaurant across the long time, therefore, before Salt Lake has an opportunity to see Miss Adams and Peter. The regret over this fact will, however, be tempered by the recollection that Maude Adams, "our Maude," is going forward steadily in her profession.

Salt Lake will always be proud of her. Those who knew her here when her career with almost the interest they would give to their own kith and kin.

would give to their own kith and kin.

will always remember her with kindness and speak of her with praise.

There is no envy here of Maude Adgans' success. There are none to say:

'I knew her when she was a child and I never saw anything great about her.

Those easterners are easy to fool."

No, none of this spirit is abroad in the dame caller of his heavy cont was

wishing her all joy, all happiness now and as long as she is spared to the profession she so greatly ornaments.

"Yes—yes, of course, replied on shoulders; and servant, shrugging his shoulders; "M. Paul is in his nice, warm studio, My faith, who would be out on such the proa night? Enter. M. Ivan, and permit me to shut out this vile English ell-

mate. But those brothers, they are so alike, it is wonderful," he muttered, as As head of the nation's traveling de-artment Secretary Taft should demand in explanation of the fact that the trip brazil has been turned over to Sec-

Tickets on sale December 23, 24, 25,

1. and January 1, 1906. Final limit January 4th. See agents for further City Ticket Office, 201

break the seal yourself and read out. Our fate is within."

"Well, come what may, we are brothers now and always. Let us empart the seal yourself and read out. Service—killing women and children. Now we have something new for him: an absolutely beautiful little bomb, so "Pewershey your seal Margel"."

our fate is within."

"Well. come what may, we are brothers now and always. Let us embrace before I read—before we know."

This was the letter.

"Dear Ivan and Paul—Everything is cruel in Russia—even love. You say you both love me; and I am to answer which of you I love and will marry. Paul, it is you. Ivan, forgive Paul and me."

There was a tense silence.

There was a tense silence.

"Congratulations, brother," said Ivan, cheerily, but his lips quivered and his face was very white.
"Do you hate me now?" ask ed Paul.
"I shall pray for strength not to. You can not go home: you must send for her; you must be married here in the work of the control of the con for her; you must be married here to We are so alike, we two, that we London. With half my fortune added make game of our friends when they

"My superb brother—but it can not be."

"But I say it can, and it shall be.

Paul, let me help you; I can bear it then. Hark! a knock."

"At this hour! Can it has a state of our friends when they cannot distinguish Ivan from Paul. and we change names sometimes to add to their perplexity. That is Ivan. Congratulate me. I am Paul Petroff, the lucky man."

His brother stepped formula.

"At this hour! Can it be-"
A minute later the servant announced that a gentleman- a M. Androuski-requested an interview, and a whiterequested an interview, and a white-haired old man immediately entered think only of Russia and of her woes

Those easterners are easy to fool."

No, none of this spirit is abroad in Saft Lake. The only feeling is that the glory that has come to her, and the ground that she is still the same sweet, whole-lat she is still

convey is urgent to the last degree.
M. Paul Petroff, which is he?" And he looked, with a smile, from one brother to the other.
"I am he, monsieur," said Paul; "be seated. Your message is—"
"Pardon me; I charge you, he discreet. Is it safe to speak here?"
"Perfectly; my servant knows not a "You have had fallures enough—"
"This fraternal love is really quite touching," murmured M. Androuski, folding his hands; "but M. Paul Petroff has greatly changed since his student days. He was the active one then—so bold, so fiery in the great cause, that he made himself a name which will endure."
"Yes you"

"Perfectly: my servant knows not a word of Russian, and there is no one lise in the house." mate. But those brothers, they are so alike, it is wonderful," he muttered, as he made fast the door; "it is really most wonderful.

Alike? The Dromios were not more alike than those twin brothers standing there, side by side, before the blazing fire.

"It is late, but I could not come sooner. What news, Paul?"

"Netter."

"It is late, but I could not come sooner. What news, Paul?"

"Netter of Geneva?"

else in the house."

"Except your brother here, You are marvelously alike. Now to business. First, I produce my credentials. This letter proves that I am come post-haste from Geneva. This card—ah! yes, the Fellowship of Freedom. I salute you, comrades; I am Number One. You have heard of me? These are stirring times: we have need of the young and brave, the iron nerve, the steady hand. Po you recognize "Do you tell me he is a traitor." "A letter."

"Not—from Geneva?"
Paul smiled as he went across to a bureau, which he unlocked. "Not that—yet. It is the answer from St. Petersburg."
The brothers' eyes met in a quick, strange glance.
"From Vera?" asked Ivan, turnins away.
"Yes, from Vera. See, it is unopened;
"A letter."

are stirring times, we have need of the young and brave, the iron nerve, the steady hand. Do you recognize this photograph? Ah, ves. it is of General X., the hero of the knout. The decree has gone forth, messieurs; he is to be removeed, placed on the retired list. Ha, ha! you understand?

Attempts have been made with the dagger and the revolver, with the polsoned glove, even; but the valiant young men have bungled sadty, and provided in the journey." interrupted Paul; "the lot falls to me, and I will

"Yes, yes," retorted Ivan: "he is too well known; how can he enter

They cried out when they looked at him, for on his right cheek was a dreaden. freadful scar-he had branded him-

"Remember your oath, Marcel."
The old servant shuddered, "No, no, monsteur—M. Paul: speak not of the terrible oath you forced me to take. I will do what you wish."

"In half an hour our visitor of last night is coming for me: I am going away, never to return. My friend, you will obey my instructions. The good-by bottle of vodka was too strong for my brother, and he will sleep and for my brother, and he will sleep and sleep (with the aid of this narcotic which I leave with you till Friday, you understand? Then you will wake him and give him this letter. Come, let's look at him." They bent over the couch. "My poor brother, I have conquered after all. It is all for the best—all for love for thee. Marcel, tell me what see you on his face?" Ally, me, what see you on his face? Any-

"Look again-closer. Are you quite

No paint apparent on his

"It is good. Now look at me." "Ah, I cannot bear to look at you; you have that horrible scar. You are "It is very good; I have conquered.

A knock! A ring! Go, my friend; I am ready. Ah! M. Androuski, the lucky man is at your service. But

am ready. Ah! M. Androuski, the lucky man is at your service. But softly, please, Ivan is asleep here; Jook at him. We have been up all night and he is quite worn out, poor fellow. Let us go; we have said good-bye, he and I."

The train had crossed the frontier: the travelers were in Russia, that white land of red anarchy. M. Androuski gave a sigh of relief and lit another eigarette. "My dear son," said he, leaning forward and patting his companion playfully on the scarred cheek, "how laughable it is! We have hoodwinked these, clever officials who guard the approaches to the mighty empire. Our passports are in order, they tell us. Ha, ha, ha! Sut you do not join me in the laugh!"

"It is easier to get into Russia than out of it."

"Naw dear boy do not be gloomy on the say the done his duty? Besides—" He

the could where seized him, flung shim to the floor, and bound him hand and foot.
"Not so rough, please, with my young friend." It was M. Androuski who speak within young friend." It was M. Androuski who speak with my young friend." It was M. Androuski who spoke, with my young friend." It was M. Androuski who speak the order it to me. Colonel, I have performed my duty; here is your prisoner. But leave us, please. I have the strange fancy to be his companion still; I will be answerable for him. Thank you. Now lock us in. and right away."

The train sped on, and the two men looked at one another. The elder was the first to speak. "My poor boy, I am truly sorry for you; nay, don't be anary for you; I am a human being now; I was an agent of the secret police before."

"I wish my lands were free," moaned the other.

"I wish my lands were free," moaned the other.

"You would not harm an old man who will not have to curb our taste for gin rickers.

"Nay, dear boy, do not be gloomy on has but done his duty? Besides-

little, it is true: but what of that? Did I not turn round and send them to the right-about? My word, they were but guides: we spoke English: so they fancied they might show us the sights of the gay city and swindle us gaily afterwards. That is all. My son, there are lots of guides in Paris."

"Yes: but they don't hunt in couples. I'll swear that man who crossed with us from Dover, was a Russian. And I've seen him in Soho."

M. Androuski raised his eyebrows and spread out his hands, before him. "Is it possible, dear boy? Why, you are as nervous as a woman. Can one ever

"Warning me."

"Warning you? Bah! Imagination!
nonsense! Your nerves are unstrung:
it's the excitement—the thought of the
stupendous mission before you. My
dear boy, trust me, you are safe. If
they were going to arrest you they
would have done so at Wirballen; we
are many a good verst beyond. Ah!
lucky, a station; we stop here. I will
alight and get you some tea; it is some
time since you tasted Russian tea,
and it will be good for you."

And as he stepped from the carriage
Ivan looked round.

and it will be good for you."

And as he stepped from the carriage Ivan looked round and smiled. His brother's voice! He had not been dreaming: he had heard it, felt it in his ears, wailing to him—"Beware! Beware!" Of what? He was in the land of dangers—

"Paul Petroff, you are my prisoner!"

"Paul Petroff, you are my prisoner!" se me when "shy!")

THE POLICY HOLDED.

(Cieveland Leader.)

Yestermorn I found, while dressing, that my trousers needed pressing.

(This is equal to confessing the distressating fact that I only have one pair of pants—egad! and that's no idle fancy—

my tallor. Mr. Clancy, really can's se me when "shy!")

"Paul Petroff, you are my prisoner!" thundered some one at his side. Before he could whip out his revolver half a dozen soldiers seized him, flung him to the floor, and bound him hand and foot.

tapped the pocket in which was the re-

volver.

"I'm not afraid to die."

"I' know it. Listen to me. You were doomed long ago—you have been watched (you and your brother) ever since you fled from Moscow after that explosion. Had I failed to lure you back to Russia, others would have lured you. The imperial authorities never lose their man; they meant to catch you, Paul Petroff; the difficulty was that Ivan was so like you—ah! you smile—and you were so devoted, you two, that we feared a trick might be played us and we might get hold of the played us and we might get hold of the wrong man. But you are brave; you would not permit your brother's sacrifice—ah! you smile again; yes, you are still the lucky man,"

"And to what lucky place are you taking me?"

To the fortress of SS. Peter and

"And what think you the sentence

"And what think you the sentence will be? The mines?"
"Not so cruel as that, my boy; it will be the death. Will you believe me? I admire you; I am your friend. Is it not very strange? By this saintly relic which I wear I swear I speak the truth to you. I had a son once, my Cyril, my only son; he was executed. Sometimes in the silence of the night I wear and in the silence of the night I weep and wring my hands for him. I loved himah! none knows how dearly. I gloried so in his handsome face and form, in his sweetness and his love, in his rare

abilities; but he turned traitor to his czar and country, and it was I-I, his father, who denounced him."

The old man buried his face in his hands and sat shivering and silent.

"Why do you tell me of this?" asked the prisoner, at length

"Why do you tell me of this?" asked the prisoner, at length.

There was a rapt expression in the old man's face when he looked up. "Because you are a little like him; because, my duty being done, I wish you to know that I am only human; that I can pity and can love, Tell me is there aught I can do for you? I cannot save you; none can. But you may wish your friends to know of your fate; you may wish to see some your fate: you may wish to see some

"Ah! can I? Even in that dread for-

"There is a girl; I should like to say good-bye to her."
"I will bring her to you. Who is 'Swear that no harm shall come to

"By this cross and by my Maker, T swear it."
"She is Vera Varoni, of the Dmitri

Prospekt. But do not distress her. I implore you. Tell her Paul Petrof is arrested, but it is nothing, just a trifling charge. I will tell her the truth # # # In the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul

there are narrow dungeons far below the level of the Neva; dungeons always dark, always damp with the loathsome, fetid slime which oozes in from the river. And there are spacious prison this journey, which I enjoy so much. Everything goes splendidly; you will say so soon. My hero, think of the welcome which awaits you in St. Petersburg; how our good comrades will toast you and envy you. lucky dog that you are."

"Have you forgotten that we were watched in Paris?"

M. Androuski frowned slightly. "I do not think that we were watched. Who would recognize you now? Two mentwo blockheads seemed to follow us a little, it is true; but what of that? Did I not turn round and send them to the

nervous as a woman. Can one ever cross the channel without meeting one of the respectable inhabitants of Soho? Come, have a cigarette."

The young man lit a cigarette, but, after a whiff or two, it fell from his fingers and he sprang up with a wild cry "Yes—yes: I hear!"

His companion watched him in amazement, as he sank back into his seat.

and them."

"It is not right—it shall not be—I will tell them. Ho! unlock the door!"

"Hush! Would you give him to the hangman? Listen, Vera; nothing can save me. Even did you tell them. I am still guilty in the government's eyes. But I am quite content; nay. I am happy in that you and he will marry and be happy."

"Never—never happy."

at,
"Your brother's voice? In London?"
"Mever—never happy."
"My little sister, the years will bring

And the pair I wear is shaded from a gray to green, and faded Shockingly—they seem abraded such as they did not, of yore, Bagged at knee and frayed at bottom, dotted where the rainstorms spet

# SAT BARTON'S

### CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

SUIT OVERCOAT UNDERWEAR CUFF BUTTONS

HOSIERY SHIRTS NECKWEAR HANDKERCHIEFS COLLARS AND CUFFS

GLOVES SWEATER MUFFLER SUSPENDERS FANCY VEST

HOUSE COAT Bath Robe NIGHT ROBE RAIN COAT UMBRELLA

Christmas Bells will soon be ringing and the old problem of "What shall I give him for Christmas." will once more confront you. We have made a few suggestions above and should you fail to find a suitable item on the list, we would be pleased to have you call and we'll do all in our power to assist you. All our prices are moderate, and we are always at vour service.

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